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TUESDAY
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A 52 page Magazine

Roy Rogers

Comics





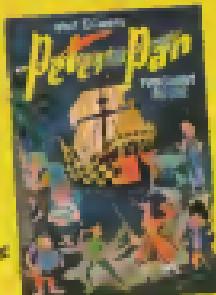
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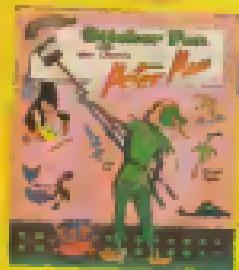
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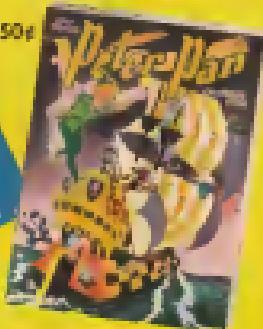
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Peter Pan
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All those wonderful characters from Walt Disney's *Peter Pan* movies are yours to play with, to read about, to color and paint. You'll have ever so much fun enjoying the adventures in the many ways that Whitman offers them. For starters, those two big coloring books jam-packed with pictures . . . the two story books, one with full-color pictures on every page, the other a jumbo book with 192 pages and 48,000 words . . . the peek-out book with

characters that you may put together yourself . . . picture puzzles galore, some in frame trays, and others come six to a box . . . sewing cards complete with cord lines . . . statuettes of eleven Peter Pan movie characters, each with plastic stand-up base . . . and a fun book filled with "things to do," like games, puzzles, dot-to-dot and more! You'll find Whitman's *Peter Pan* fun at stores everywhere.

ROY AS A BIG FAVOR TO ME, WOULD YOU TAKE A DEPUTY'S JOB AWAY FROM ME? I MEAN... JUST FOR A LITTLE WHILE?

THAT'S A FUNNY QUESTION, SHERIFF JIM! EXPLAIN!

Roy Rogers

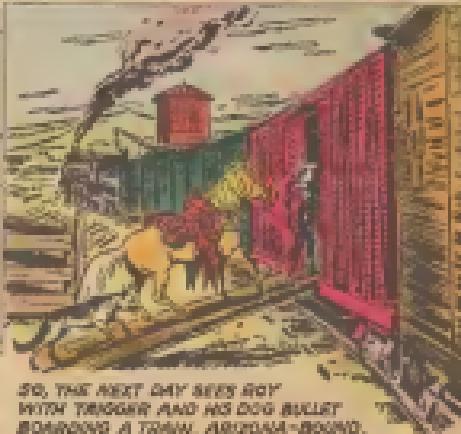
KING OF THE COWBOYS

AND THE
RUSTLER OF
GOBLIN HILL

WELL, I GOT A LETTER YESTERDAY FROM AN OL' FARD OF NONE, RING WALKER.... HE'S SHERIFF IN A INSANE WILD CORNER OF ARIZONA THAT THEY CALL THE "SADDLE". HE WANTS THE DEAN OF A GOOD DEPUTY, WHO WASN'T KNOWN LOCALLY! HE NEEDS ONE BADDY!

DON'T TURN ME DOWN, BOY! I'VE WRITTEN JIMMIE THAT YOU'VE COME! AND I'VE PAID IT UP WITH THE ROOSTER TRACTOR COMPANY FOR YOU TO POSE AS A SALESMAN...

JIM, YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN A SALESMAN INSTEAD OF A SHERIFF! YOU'RE SURE PUT ME IN A POSITION WHERE I'LL HAVE TO BUY THAT DEPUTY JOB, REGARDLESS.



SO, THE NEXT DAY SEES ROY WITH TANGOS AND HIS DOG BULLET BOARDING A TRAIN, ARIZONA-BOUND.

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CHANGES OF ADDRESS should reach five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both your old and new address, enclosing, if possible, your old address label.

AND TWENTY-FOUR HOURS LATER, HE RIDES ALONE
ALONG A DODDING PEN IN THE MIDDLE OF
NOWHERE—OR IS IT THE "SADDLE" WHICH IS THE
SAME DAY—with patches of snow still
UNMELTED.



LOONESOME COUNTRY, TRIGGER...
WHERE ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN!
THE OLD CATTLE TRAIL IS SUPPOSED
TO LEAD TO A COW TOWN CALLED
PRONGHORN...



—WHERE WE'LL MEET SHERIFF BING
WALKER AND LEARN THE DETAILS OF
OUR JOB—if nothing fatal stops
US ON THE WAY! THEY SAY THE
RABBITS HERE KNOW HOW TO FIGHT
THE RATTLESNAKE!



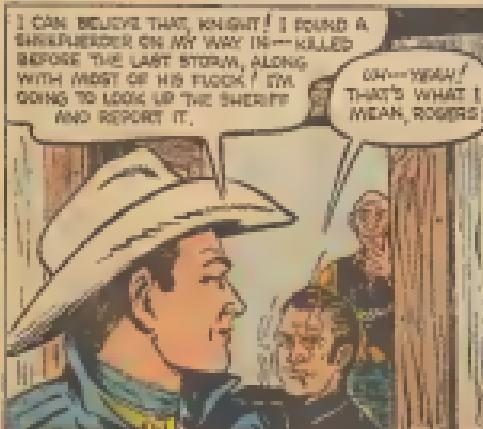
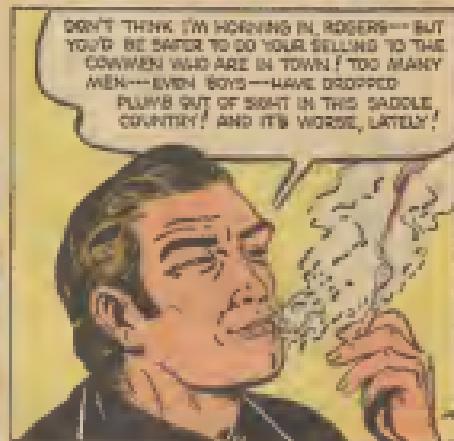
NO SIGN OF THE FLOCK THOSE
MUGGLES BELONG TO—OR OF
A HERD? MAYBE THE
MATS COME TO HARM
SOMEWHERE...



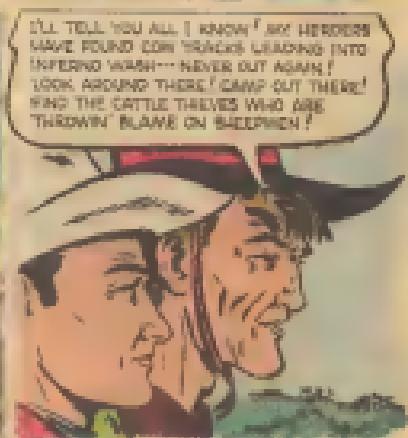
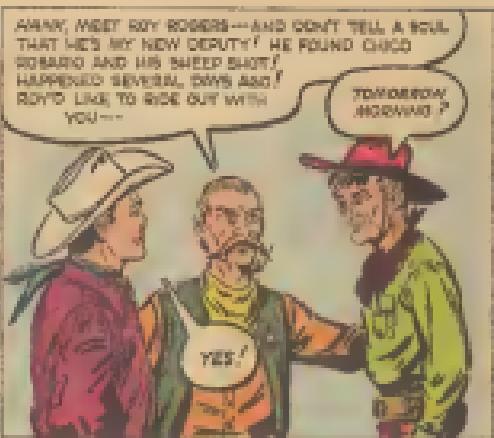
WE'LL BACKTRACK THEM—
AND SEE WHERE THEY
LEFT THE FLOCK...











AFTER TEN ANGRY DESERT HOURS,
MARK STORM TAKES TRUCK.

I'LL LEAVE
YOU WISE!

HERE'S GRUB—AND WATER!
INFERNO WASH IS THIS
SIDE OF STEER MOUNTAIN—
AND A LITTLE NORTH...

THANKS,
LARHAN...

THAT QUEER-SHAPED RIDGE IS STEER
MOUNTAIN! GRANNY HOLT LIVES ON
TOP! SHE'LL HELP YOU, IF YOU'RE IN
TROUBLE, AND CAN GET TO HER.
BUT DON'T TRY TO SELL HER
ANYTHING!

LUCK!
SAME TO YOU
LARHAN!
TO LONG!

OLD HANK LARHAN DOESN'T USE
MANY WORDS, BUT THEY'RE FOOD
FOR THOUGHT! HE EXPECTS ME TO
GET INTO TROUBLE, TOO!

IF THIS RAIN KEEPS UP AND
MELTS ALL THE SNOW, IT
WILL HOLD US UP. EVERY
WASH WILL BE FLOODED!

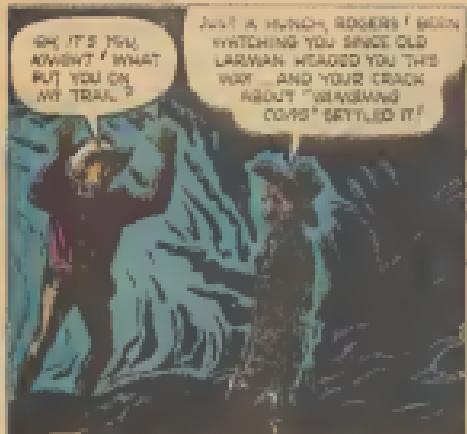
ALL DAY LONG, RAY REARS IN THE GENERAL
DIRECTION OF STEER MOUNTAIN'S TORTURED RIDGE...

AND TOWARD NIGHT THE RAIN BEGINS AGAIN



FROM THE DARKNESS OUTSIDE
THE CAVE COMES A COOL, MOCKING VOICE







YOU WANTED TO SEE MURKING MASH,
LAWMAN? THIS IS IT! GO ON--DOWN
THE BANK! IT'S ONLY YEST' NOW--
BUT IT WILL BE FLOODING TOMORROW!



LIE DOWN ON THAT TREE--ON YOUR
BACK, ROBBERS! AND REMEMBER--
I CAN PLUG YOU! AND HELL
IF NECESSARY!

I'M SURE
OF THAT,
KNIGHTS!



THAT DOES IT, I REACHIN'! SOMETIME TOMORROW,
THE RIVER WILL BEIN' A FLOOD CREST THROUGH
HERE--AND TAKE YOU AND THAT DEAD TREE
ALONG WITH IT! THE WATER WILL SOFTEN
THE BANHOO STRINGS AND FREE
YOUR WRISTS--



...BUT YOU WON'T KNOW IT!
YOU'LL BE DROWNED AND POUNDED
PRETTY WELL TO PIECE... AND IF YOU'RE
FOUND, THEY'LL FIGURE YOU WERE GONE--
I'LL EVEN LEAVE YOUR QUINNIT
ON YOU, TO MAKE IT GOOD!



PLEASANT DREAMS,
ROBBERS! WOULD YOU'RE
MISTRIES!



IT'S NO--UGH--LIE... LOOK THOSE
NOOTZ ARE--UGH--TOO TIGHT! I
SOUCH IF EVEN TRIGGER COULD GET
THEM--UGH--LOOSE! WHEN I'M
SURE KNIGHTS OUT OF
HEARING, TILL CALL--





**ANOTHER A LONG HALF-HOUR'S
HEART, AND RAISING HIS VOICE,**



AND TROTTER, WHO HAS
KEPT HIMSELF IN A DISTANCE,
AS HE WAS TRAINED TO DO, ANYMORE!



*deep voice? I need
help, though—where?*

卷之三



ARMY AND ARABIA: TRIGGER TRIES TO GET HIS TEETH ON THE SAUDIIDE—AND FAIL!



BETTER NOT STAY HERE MUCH LONGER
TRAILER ! WHEN THE SUN GETS UP
THIS WASH IS GOING TO BE A BUNK-
FUL OF WATER

$$f(x) = \phi(x, y) - \psi(x, y)$$



**SENT IT, PARTNER? I HEAR
THUNDER--AND THAT MEANS
A NEW CLOUDBURST. OH--
HARRY, I THOUGHT--
THOUGHT I HEARD A
DOG BARKING--?**



FOLLOWING TRIGGER'S RAIN-WASHED TRACKS,
COMES A BIG, MUDD-PLASTERED POLICE DOG—
WITH A RED BULLET-BURN ON HIS HEAD.



WHAT TRIGGER'S BIG JAWS COULD NOT REACH,
BULLET'S SHARP TEETH DID EASILY! BUT
FROM UP THE WHIRL COMES AN DANGEROUS ROAR—





HAPPYBACK IN THE CREAM-- TURN YOUR HORSE IN ! I'VE GOT A BEEF BONE AND SOME BISCUITS FOR YOUR MUR. BUT HURRY! I HAVEN'T SEEN A SOUL TO TALK TO SINCE THAT SHEEPHERDER, LAST MONTH?



A LOT OF MY COWS HAVE TURNED UP MISSING THIS WINTER, AND THEY TRAILLED A FEW MILES INTO INTERIOR WASH! THERE'S JUST ONE OTHER THING THAT MIGHT HOOK UP... INTERIOR WASH RUNS PAST GOBLIN HILL.



I RECKON GOBLIN HILL WILL BRAND A CLEVER LOOK, GRANNY! I'LL RIDE OVER THERE TOMORROW--



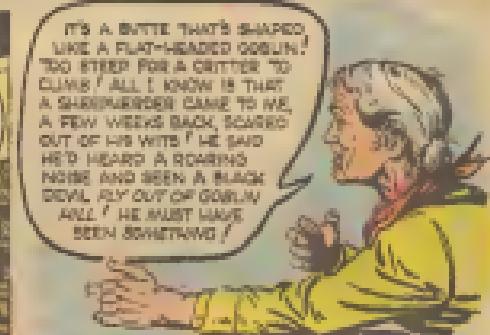
MAKE IT TOMORROW NIGHT, BOY! THE SUN WILL HAVE DRIED UP THE GROUND ENOUGH BY THEN SO COWS COULD BE MOVED... AND I'M GOING TO RIDE ALONG WITH YOU!

AN HOUR LATER, ROY HAS DECIDED TO TAKE A CHANCE ON GRANNY, AND TELL HER EVERYTHING.

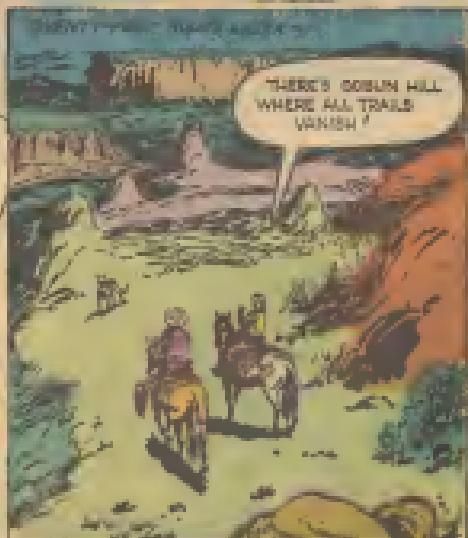


MAHAWAH! MRS. CALL-UPHILL! I RECKON HE PICKED THAT NAME, BECAUSE THAT'S THE WAY HE WORKS--IN THE DARK!

-- SO THAT'S WHY I'M HERE, GRANNY! TO BLOCK A RANGE WAR, AND STOP THESE RANGE MURDERS! IN OTHER WORDS, TO STOP MR. COLEY KNIGHT! IF YOU'VE ANY IDEAS--?



IT'S A SHOT THAT'S SHAPED, LIKE A FLAT-HEADED GOBLIN! TOO STRUG FOR A CRITTER TO CLIMB! ALL I KNOW IS THAT A SHEEPHERDER CAME TO ME, A FEW WEEKS BACK, SCARED OUT OF HIS WITS! HE SAID HE'D HEARD A ROARING NOISE AND SEEN A BLACK DEVIL FLY OUT OF GOBLIN HILL! HE MUST HAVE BEEN SOMETHING!



THERE'S GOBLIN HILL WHERE ALL TRAILS VANISH!



ACROSS THE CENTER OF THE BUTTE'S FLAT TOP,
ANNIE'S DOG STOPS WITH A MOUNTAIN BARK.

BULLET!
WHAT IS IT?



AAA-OO!

SOUNDS LIKE A LONGBONE, DON
MOURNING FOR HER CALF! OF
COURSE, IT COULD BE THE
WIND... BUT — I SWELL
SAWED, TOO!

AAA-OO-OO-OO-



A CAVE-IN! THE
BUTTE IS HOLLOW!
AND I DO HEAR
SOMETHING --

AAA-OO-OO-OO!
AAA-OO-OO-OO!



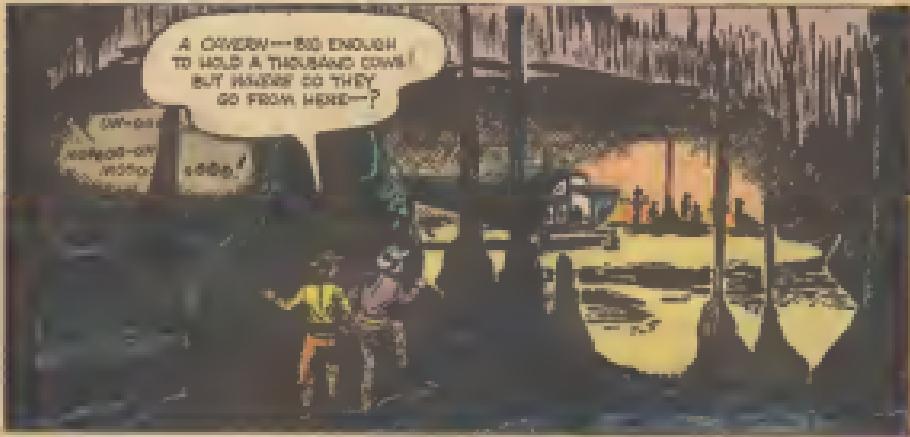
COME ON, BULLET! I RECKON I'VE GOT THE
ANSWER TO THE MYSTERY OF ROBIN HILL.
WE'LL GET BACK TO SQUAW HOLT, AND --

THAT'S FAR ENOUGH!
YOU'RE COVERED!

AAA-OO! IT'S ROV...
AND BULLET! we've
FOUND SOMETHING!









FALL DAYLIGHT SHOWS THE GREAT CATTLE DRIVING WITH ACTIVITY! UNDER THE EYE OF THEIR BLACK-GARDED LEADER, THE MUSTANGS PUSH A BUNCH OF TWO HUNDRED COWS TOWARD ONE END...



TAKE THEM ONLY TO THE FIRST OUTLET, FIVE MILES DOWN THE UNDERGROUND RIVER, BOO, SHAKE EYES! LET THEM FEED AND REST... THE NEXT THIRTY MILES TO RED GULCH WILL TAKE THREE DAYS...

...AND THE TRUCKS WILL PICK 'EM UP THERE! OKAY, KNIGHT?

DID YOU HEAR THAT, BOY? THEY'VE GOT A FIVE-MILE UNDERGROUND ROUTE OUT OF HERE! AND RED GULCH IS JUST OVER THE STATE LINE!

Pretty slick! Get back, now; they're heading our way!



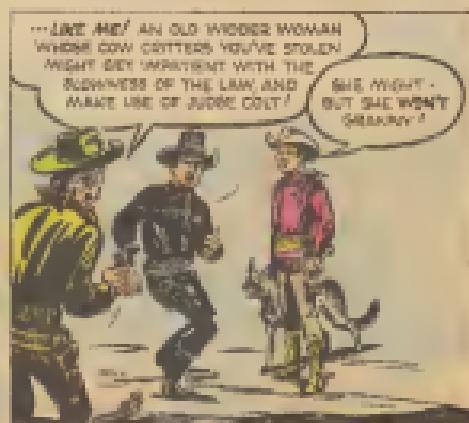
THERE GOES THE LAST OF 'EM! WHAT'LL WE DO NOW---GET OUR HORSES AND FOLLOW?

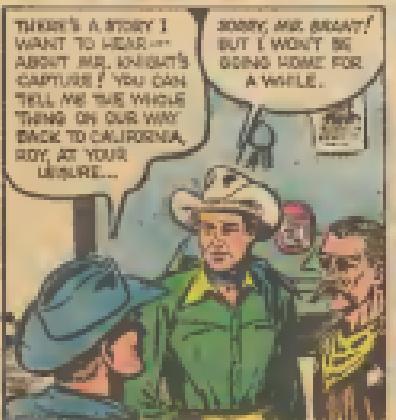
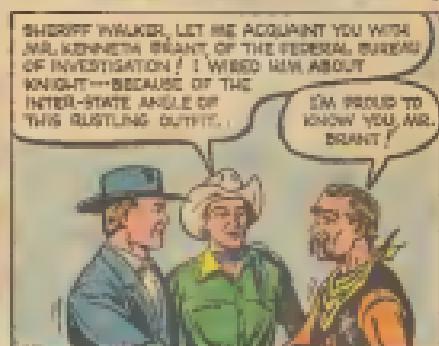
AVO! THERE'S KNIGHT LEFT---AND HIS HELICOPTER! MY JOB IS TO TAKE HIM! WHETHER I WIN OR LOSE THAT FLICK, YOUR JOB IS TO GET OUT OF HERE WITH WHAT YOU KNOW!

THAT MAKES SENSE, BOY!

BUT I AIM TO WAIT AND SEE HOW YOU DO COME OUT WITH HIM! IF YOU LOSE, I'LL PLUG HIM---AND TAKE HIS CABOOSE TO SLIM JEWELL'S SHEEPMAN AND COWMAN IN THIS SADDLE COUNTRY WHO HAS BEEN STEALIN' THEM BLIND!





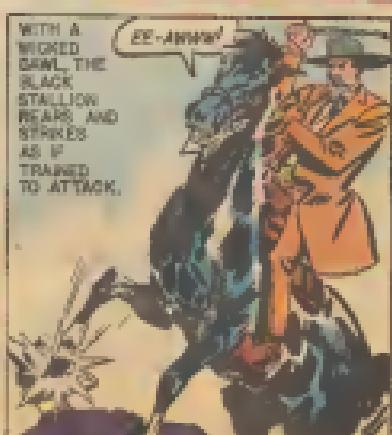


Roy Rogers

KING OF THE
COWBOYS
IN THE
CLUE OF THE SPUR

WELL, TRIGGER---I BROUGHT YOUR BOTTLE
OF POP--QUART SIZE!

HOO-HUM
HOO-HUM!





THE GIRL'S WHITE FACE TURNS BRIEFLY
TO GAZE BACK THROUGH THE DUST AS
HER HORSE PURSUED AFTER THE
BLACK HORSE...



THAT'S MY...
HORSE! RECKON
I CAN
RIDE HOME...

NOT ALONE, COWBOY!
I'M SIDING YOU! THE
DRUG YOU GOT WILL
KEEP YOU DIZZY
FOR A WHILE



THANKS--
ROY---
FOR COMING
ALONE

I'M STAYING WITH YOU,
CHARLEY! YOU'VE GOT A
SLIGHT CONCUSSION---
GOT TO STAY IN BED FOR
A WHILE



OH-WHOO!
AH-AH-AH...
WHO ARE
YOU--?

DON'T HURRY FELLA!
I'L HELP YOU WHEN
YOU FEEL LIKE
STANDING UP. MY
NAME'S NOT
ROGERS.

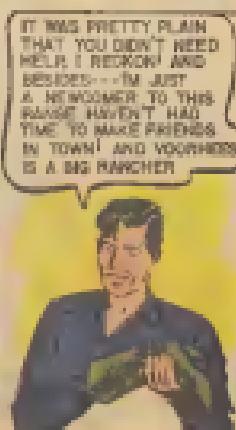
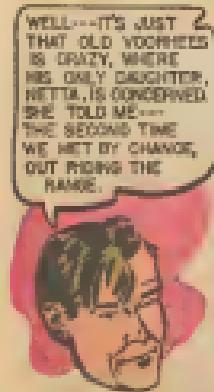
SURE WE'RE ON THE
RIGHT ROAD, PARTNER!

OH-HUH! MY PLACED...
BOUT FIVE MILES FROM
HERE. NAME'S CHARLEY
WARD



FOR TWO DAYS, ROY NURSED YOUNG CHARLEY WARD,
WHO SPENDS MOST OF THE TIME IN HEAVY SLEEP...







WARD IS A
NEWCOMER....
BUT RUSTLING
IS A BLACK
CRIME TO
ACCUSE ANY
MAN OF.
VOORHEES!

YOU'LL BE READY TO MAKE IT
YOURSELF, I LIMER....

...WHEN I SHOW YOU
YOUR GENTLE HORSES
MIXED WITH THE OTHERS,
HIDDEN ON WARD'S
LAND!



STEP EASY,
TRIGGER! WE'RE GOING
TO FOLLOW
THEM AND
SEE WHAT
THIS IS ALL
ABOUT!



AN HOUR'S RIDE
BRINGS THE FIVE
RIDERS AND THEIR
UNSEEN TRACKER
TO THE FOOTHILLS.

THERE'S A DEEP GULCH
JUST ABOVE THIS
DRAW THAT'S WHERE
THEY'RE PENNED!



NO MISTEP NOW, TRIGGER---OR THEY'LL
HEAR US FOLLOWING 'EM!



THERE! SEE THE BRANDS,
PEARSLILL, YOUR CROSS
ANCHOR---MY FLYING V!

YOU'RE RIGHT,
VOORHEES! AND
THERE'S VALERIE'S
EASY H.R.!



BUT WE HAVEN'T GOT PROOF THAT CHARLEY WARD
PENNED THESE COWS UP HERE, VOORHEES! SOMEONE
ELSE COULD HAVE DONE IT!

HUH? WHAT'S THIS--? LOOKS
LIKE A SPUR!



YES, GENTLEMEN! SOMEONE ELSE COULD HAVE PENNED
OUR CATTLE UP HERE--BUT ONLY ONE MAN COULD HAVE
DROPPED THIS SPUR!

LET'S SEE!



'OH! CHARLEY WARD'S INITIALS
ON THE BROKEN SPUR! I RECKON
THAT SETTLES IT, NEIGHBORS!
NEXT QUESTION IS WHAT TO DO
ABOUT HIM.'



CARNAK' HIM WITH OUR OWN STOCK
TAGS AND LEAD HIM THROUGH TOWN
AT THE END OF A ROPE!

COME, TRIGGER! WE'VE GOT TO
WAKE CHARLEY--



WE'VE
GOT TO
TAKE
HIM
FIRST!

WE'LL DO
THAT TONIGHT--
AND SHOOT
HIM IF HE
SHOWS FIGHT!



...OH! WHO'S
THAT?

OHMM! DON'T
SHOOT
ME--!



NETTA VOODOOEEES!
WHAT ARE YOU
DOING---?

I FOLLOWED THEM! I WAS
AFRAID THEY WERE PLANNING
SOMETHING TO
HARM CHARLEY AND WARD!
I---YOU'RE THE COWBOY
WHO KEPT FATHER FROM
KILLING THEM---?



YES! THEY FELL
OUT OF HIS
JACKET POCKET
THERE WERE
LAST NIGHT,
TWO SPURS? WHEN I PICKED
UP HIS JACKET,

STAY HERE---UNTIL THE
OTHERS HAVE LEFT THE
GULCH, THEN RIDE STRAIGHT
HOME! I'LL WASH CHARLEY!



GONE OFF THE TRAIL---BEFORE THEY CAUGHT
SIGHT OF US! AND TELL ME---WHAT MADE
YOU THINK YOUR FATHER WAS PLOTTING
AGAINST YOUNG WARD?

HE HATES HIM---
AND I SAW THE TWO
SPURS HE BROUGHT
HOME---WITH 'EM
ON THE STRAPS.



THEY'RE COMING, TRAPPER---
MOVING SLOWLY THROUGH THE
BRUSH! WELL SET A GOOD
LEAD, AND THEN BLOW THAT
WIND FOR CHARLEY'S

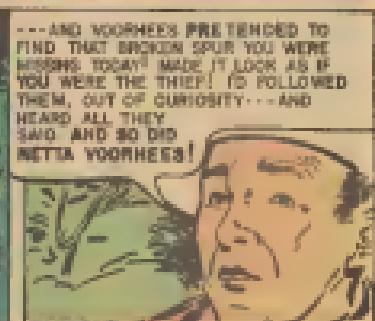


ONCE OUT OF THE BRUSH,
AND HIDDEN BY A DIP IN THE
LAND, TRAPPER RIDES LIKE
A SCARED SHADOW



CHARLEY! CHARLEY WARD! WAKE UP!





HETTA!
WHAT ON
EARTH
WAS SHE
DOING
THERE?

SAME THINGS I WAS! SHE
MEANT TO WARN YOU.
IF HER DAD COOKED
UP ANY MORE TROUBLE!
SHE KNEW THAT HE
STOLE YOUR SPURS TO
PLANT FALSE EVIDENCE

WATCH
NOW,
AND SEE
WHAT
THEY
DO!

WARD! COME OUT WITH YOUR HANDS
UP---OR WE'LL SHOOT TO KILL!



MAYBE HE'S
GONE, WOORHEESU!

NO! HIS SADDLE HORSE IS STILL
IN THE CORRAL! HE'S ONLY
PLAYING POSSUM.

PEARLSSALL, YOU AND KOLMER AND
BASSETT KEEP WATCH! PENGUE
AND I WILL GO INSIDE.



DON'T TRY ANY TRICKS, WARD! YOU CAN'T WIN!

I'LL GIVE THE OLD
GENTLEMAN CREDIT FOR
COURAGE --- BUSTING
INTO A DARK HOUSE
THAT WAY.

ONE KIND OF
COURAGE --- BUT
NOT THE KIND
THAT MAKES A
MAN STRAIGHT!







WITH A FURIOUS Bawl, THE
HICKED STALLION KICKS OUT



ALL RIGHT, GENTLEMEN! EACH OF YOU,
BEGINNING WITH KILMER, LOWER ONE HAND
AND UNBUCKLE YOUR GUNBELTS AND LET
THEM FALL....



OH! I HEARD SHOOTING! WHO WAS HURT?

CHARLEY WARD... NEVER I TOLD YOU
TO GO HOME.
NETTIE...



CHARLEY!
IT'S ALL MY
FAULT ON
WHAT SHALL
I DO...?

SEE HOW BAD IT IS, NETTIE!
I'LL TEND TO THE REST OF IT



ALL RIGHT--YOU MEN CAN PUT YOUR
HANDS DOWN--AND SEE WHAT VOORHEES
NEEDS! IF HE'S CONSCIOUS!







LITTLE ERIC



Illustration by
Harold R. Miller
Courtesy of Little, Brown & Co.

Andy Olson hummed a cheerful little tune to himself, as he strode along the narrow bush trail. Strapped to his wide shoulders was a bulky pack—a part of his winter's supplies—and strapped to the pack was his rifle. Three more trips would see his snug trapper's cabin, at the headwaters of Whitefish Creek, well-stocked for the long, cold months ahead. Andy, with the boundless confidence of youth, welcomed the challenge of the Great Northwest!

At a turn of the trail he halted, listening. A light breeze brought him the hoarse laughter of a man, and the angry screech of a bird. Andy frowned, and hurried on.

Another bend showed him the noise makers. A hulking half-breed, by the name of Joe Pelouse, was jabbing with a stick at a robin-sized bird who was tied by the leg to a bush. The bird—a young pigeon hawk—was full of fight. But the string caused it to "nose-dive" every time the little creature tried to fly at its tormenter.

The sight put Andy into a cold rage.

"Get that!" he roared, grasping Joe's shoulder, and spinning him around. "Turn that poor mite of a bird loose—now!"

Pelouse gaped in astonishment. Then his black brows drew together in a scowl.

"TOMMERMÉ!" he shouted, raising the stick. "I fees you! No man talk to Joe Pelouse like that—it!"

He lunged, striking. The stick broke on Andy's shoulder with a loud crack. There was

a duller, heavier crack, as Andy's fist landed on Joe's jaw—like the kick of a mule.

No second blow was needed. Pelouse dropped, in a slow spin, to lie on his face, knocked out. Andy strode past him to the bush, where the tiny hawk crouched, shrilling defiance at him. One of the small wings drooped helplessly; the other was raised ready for battle.

"I can't turn you loose with that broken wing," Andy growled. "Which means that I'll have to take you along with me—whether you like it or not, little fellow!"

Andy had a way with animals. Though he trapped them for a living, he avoided the use of traps in which one might linger for hours or days in agony. He set deadfalls, which killed instantly, without pain. He had mourned over the death of his old dog, and had not bought another.

Little Eric, as he named the hawk, soon became Andy's inseparable friend. Whenever Andy went, he rode on the big trapper's shoulder. He learned that the startling report of Andy's rifle meant fresh deer meat for both of them—and as a born hunter, Little Eric learned to spot game, even before Andy could see it.

Little Eric then announced his discovery with a tiny screech, and a tug at Andy's ear with his sharp little beak. Andy's shot was the signal that sent him flapping and hopping to reach the game first. Later, when his wing healed, he flew like a feathered bullet.

Like all hawks, Little Eric was always hungry. He fed on the meat of trapped animals, too—and his disappointment was even keener than Andy's when they found a trap empty. This was not often—until one day, when they found three deadbait destroyed—with an ax! Little Eric screamed with rage over each one. Andy's anger was silent—but he found the snowshoe track of Joe Pelouse, where the snow had not drifted over it. The track was fresh—perhaps an hour old—for the wind was blowing hard. Andy followed, running now!

It was Eric who spotted their quarry, and flew to the attack! His needle-sharp talons sliced into Joe Pelouse's arm. With a howl the big half-breed whirled—but Eric was in the air! Joe's rifle whammed—and missed . . . and missed again!

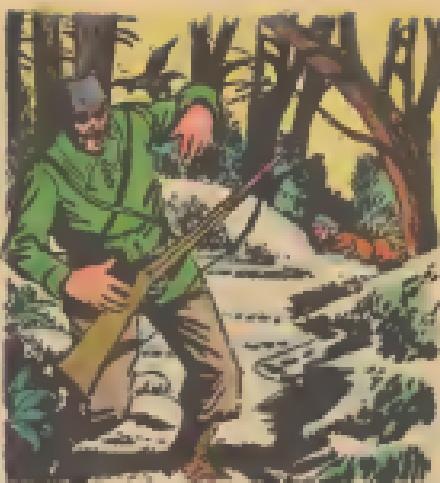
Then Andy Olsen's bellow rang through the bush.

"Drop your gun, you trap-robbing! And put up your hands! I'm licking the tar out of you, right now!"

Joe swung about—but his rifle did not fall. Instead, it whipped up to aim!

BLANG!

The bullet's shock against Andy's ribs whirled him around. He hit the snow, with his right arm under him, his hand close to the .22 pistol in his pocket. Andy knew in



that instant that he had one chance only—if he played dead. He shut his eyes and lay un-stirring!

It fabled Little Eric. With a scream of dismay the tiny hawk flew to his big partner. Desperately, with voice and beak, he tried to rouse him. And just as desperately Andy tried to give no sign of life.

"Ho, ho!" roared Pelouse. "De beeg but-ter-is is dead as one mutton dat hang in de market! Now Joe Pelouse feex de leetle one!"

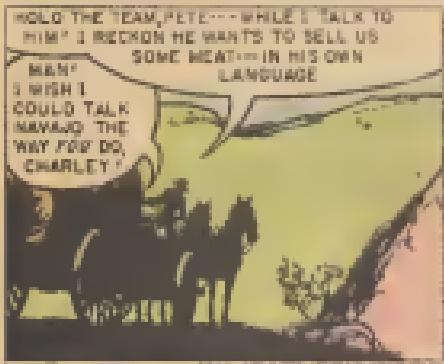
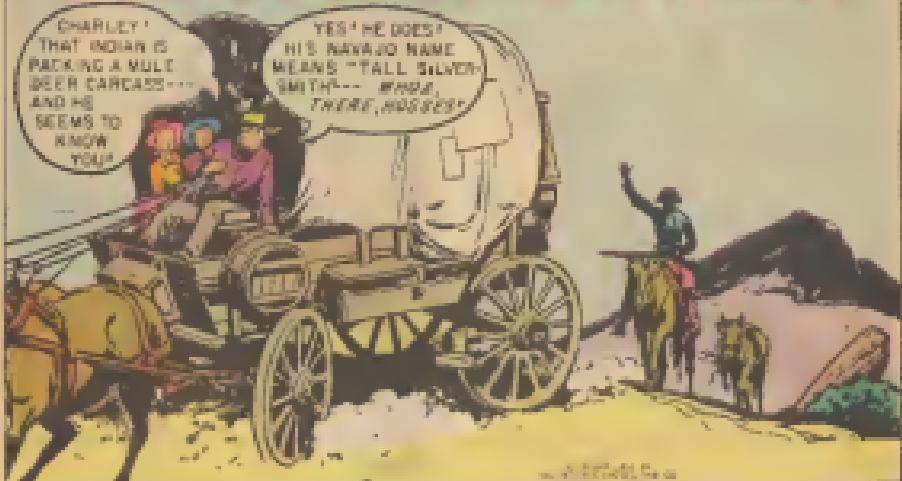
He whipped up his rifle—but the movement was now familiar to Eric. Shrilling his anger, he flew straight at Joe's face. The gun went off, harmlessly. . . . Then Andy's pistol spoke from the ground. Joe dropped his weapon, yelling. He yelled again, as Eric's talons sliced his nose.

Andy got to his feet. Keeping Pelouse cornered, he took off coat and shirt and bandaged his own flesh wound as well as he could. Then he bandaged and splinted Joe's broken arm.

"You'll need a doctor to dig that .22 bullet out, Pelouse," he stated. "You can make it to the settlement alone. But when your arm heals, remember—DON'T COME BACK! Between Little Eric and me, you won't last as long 'tas a snowball in August!"



CHUCKWAGON CHARLEY'S TALES



HAWKS ARE ALWAYS NEEDING MONEY TO GET THEIR JEWELRY OUT OF HOCK" LIKE THE TIME BOYRUNNING-AFTER-HIS-HORSE FOUND TRADER LOU COLLINS MURDERED.

OH, CHARLEY! TELL US ABOUT THAT, PLEASE!



"BOY COULDN'T SEE THE FRONT OF THE BUILDING, SO THE SOUND OF A PISTOL SHOT DIDN'T EXCITE HIM TOO MUCH--"



WHITE MAN-- RIDES LIKE ROBBERS' BAD TROUBLE FOR HOSTEEN LOU



"BOY DUG HIS HEELS INTO HIS PONY'S RIBS, FEARING THE WORST, AND ROPING FOR THE BEST, YOU MIGHT SAY!"

"WELL, IT WAS THIS WAY... BOY WAS SITTING FOR LOU'S TRADING POST, HOPING TO BORROW ANOTHER FIVE DOLLARS ON HIS TURQUOISE-AND-SILVER BELT THAT WAS ALREADY IN HOCK THERE."



"-- UNTIL HE SAW A RIDER MOUNTING JACK FROM THE PLACE, WITH A BULGING FLOUR SACK IN HIS HAND."



"THE MOANS HE HEARD FROM THE OPEN DOORWAY BROUGHT HIM OFF HIS PONY IN A HURRY."



"BOY'S SHARP EYES TOOK IN THE ROOM AT A GLANCE! THE CASH DRAWER WAS PULLED OUT AND EMPTY! THE PESOS IN THE WALL, WHERE MANY HUNDREDS OF DOLLARS WORTH OF FARMED JEWELRY ALWAYS HUNG, WERE EMPTY! MURDER AND ROBBERY AT ONE STROKE!"



"BOY CARRIED LOU COLLING OUTSIDE -- TO A PLACE WHERE LATER A GRAVE COULD BE MADE WITHOUT TOUCHING THE BODY -- FOR NAVAJOES ARE SUPER-STITIOUS ABOUT THAT."



I SAW THE MURDERER LEAVE! HE TOOK HOSTEEN LOU'S MONEY AND ALL THE TURQUOISE AND SILVER IN PAWN! I PROMISED CLOUD WOMAN THE MAN WOULD NOT ESCAPE!

YOU DID RIGHT, MY SON, I WILL GATHER MY YOUNG MEN TO PURSUE---

HE TOLD TWO SALT'S COMMANDOS, THE YOUTHS WITHIN HEARING JUMPED



"THERE WERE TEN YOUNG NAVAJO'S WHO RODE AFTER THE KILLER--- TWO OF THEM ON THEIR FASTEST PONIES FANNING OUT TO PICK UP THE MAN'S TRAIL. THEY WERE ARMED TO THE TEETH --- BUT UNDER STRICT ORDERS



"LATE THAT AFTERNOON, HANK NASAL, THE MURDERER OF LOU COLLINS, NOTICED DUST PUFFS BEHIND HIM! HE DIDN'T HURRY---"

"---CONFIDENT OF HIS OWN MARKSMANSHIP ---"

"INJUN! I DIDN'T THINK THEY'D HAVE THE NERVE TO FOLLOW ME! I'LL GIVE THEM SOMETHIN' TO THINK ABOUT! JUST LET 'EM GET CLOSE ENOUGH---"



"BUT THE FIRST FEW SHOTS PROVED NASAL'S 30-30 TO BE HOPELESSLY OUTRANGED!"



"HE GOT SHOOTING AND HEADED FOR A HIGH BUTTER SPOT OF ROCK."



"IT'S GETTING DARK--AND MY RIFLE'S AS GOOD AS THEIRS IF THEY TRY TO SNEAK UP ON ME!"



"NABAL PICKED OUT A NICE SPOT TO DEFEND HIMSELF--BUT HE MADE ONE MISTAKE IN HIS FIGURING: THE MAVAJOES DIDN'T AIM TO KILL HIM; THEY WOULD LET THE DESERT DO THAT!"

"BLUB... BLUB... BLUB... AHNNNNH!"



"AT DAWN HE WAS RIDING AGAIN--BUT HE COULDN'T GET HIS HORSE TO MOVE ANY FASTER THAN A WALK! THE POOR CRITTER WAS STARVING FOR WATER--DYING ON ITS FEET!"

"THAT NIGHT HE FINISHED THE WATER IN ONE OF HIS TWO CANTEENS."

"THE MAVAJOES' PONIES MOVED NO FASTER--THOUGH THEY HAD BEEN GIVEN WATER FROM THE BASS THEY CARRIED, AND SEEMED FRESH."

"SHALL WE SHOOT AGAIN--MAKE THE WHITE MAN GO FASTER?"

"WHY WASTE BULLETS? HIS HORSE CANNOT GO FASTER NOW!"



"NABAL HAD NO CHOICE BUT TO RIDE FOR THE LITTLE COLORADO--SINCE HE DIDN'T KNOW THE COUNTRY OR WHERE ELSE TO FIND WATER."

"BLUB... BLUB... BLUB... WATER MUST GONE! GOT TO HEAD FOR THE RIVER (BLUB BLUB)"





"BUT HIS HORSE WAS STAGGERING --- PLUMB PLAYED OUT!"



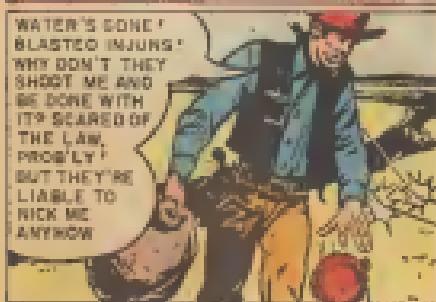
"BEFORE MOON IT WENT DOWN --- NEVER TO GET UP AGAIN! HANK NABAL CURSED IT."



"PAFOOT BY LITTLE FEAT CLOSED IN ON HABAL THE MURDERER! FEAR OF THIRST --- FEAR OF THE SILENT, GRIM PURSUIT THAT CAME NO NEARER --- FEAR OF LOSING THE LOOT HE HAD KILLED TO GET!"



"I'LL TAKE THIS WASH! IT OUGHT TO LEAD DOWN TO THE RIVER --- SO SOMEWHERE --- AWAY!"





"HE EMPTIED HIS BELT GUN AT HIS ENEMIES---THAT SEEMED TO BOB AND DANCE LIKE GRAY GHOSTS IN THE HEAT WAVES."



"THE STAGGERED ON---AND THE GHOSTS FOLLOWED HIM, MUCH CLOSER NOW! BUT SUDDENLY, WITHIN A STONE'S THROW, HE SAW THE RIM OF THE CANYON."



"AS HE STARTED BACK, TWO RIFLE SLUGS PUNKED DUST AND ROCK SPLINTERS AGAINST HIS SHINS. HE PULLED UP WITH A SQUAWK."



"---AND STARTED RUNNING THE OTHER WAY, BLIND WITH THIRST AND FEAR!"



"ALL OF A SUDDEN THE ROCK CRUMPLED UNDER HIS FOOT, AND HE STEPPED OUT INTO SPACE---HEADED FOR THE RIVER, WAY DOWN BELOW!"



"TWO DAYS LATER, BOY-RUNNING-AFTER-HIS-HORSE RODE BACK TO HOSTESS LOU'S TRADING POST. LOU'S INDIAN WIDOW WAS SITTING OUTSIDE WITH HER BLANKET OVER HER HEAD."



"I HAVE
NOTHING?
NOTHING BUT
MY GRIEF SO
AWAY!"

"CLOUD WOMAN STOOD UP---AND WHAT SHE SAID MADE BOY SMILE, FROM EAR TO EAR."

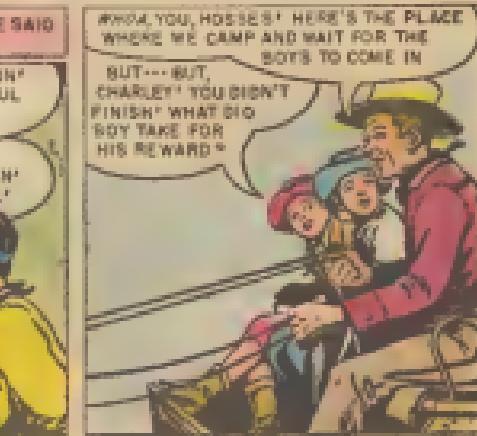
"YOU DO NOT OWE ME ANYTHING NOW, MY SON.
IT IS I WHO OWE YOU! TAKE YOUR BEAUTIFUL
BELT--- AND WHATEVER ELSE FROM MY
STOCK THAT YOU DESIRE."
MY HEART WAS DEAD
--- AND YOU HAVE
MADE IT LIVE
AGAIN!"



"TAM-TAY,
CLOUD WOMAN!
IT IS WELL!"

"YOU HAVE MUCH TURQUOISE AND SILVER,
CLOUD WOMAN--- INCLUDING MY BELT ON
WHICH I OWE YOU TEN DOLLARS! YOU
ALSO HAVE ALL THE MONEY
THAT THE WHITE
ROBBER TOOK!"
WILL YOU
LOAN ME FIVE
DOLLARS
WORTH OF
FLOUR ON MY
BELT?"

"CLOUD WOMAN COULD HARDLY BELIEVE HER EYES, WHEN BOY POURED OUT IN FRONT OF HER ALL THE THINGS THAT NABAL HAD STOLEN."



"BOY NEVER DID TELL ME WHAT HE TOOK---
BUT I RECKON IT WAS SIX YARDS OF
CALICO--- YOU SEE, BOY GOT MARRIED
RIGHT AFTER THAT--- AND I SAW HIS BRIDE!
SHE WAS MIGHTY HAPPY IN THAT SPRIGHT,
NEW SKIRT OF HERS!"



"REAL PEOPLE? YOU JUST BET YOUR
BOOTS THEY ARE! AND WE WHITES CAN
LEARN SOME FINE THINGS FROM 'EM IF
WE'LL ONLY TAKE THE TROUBLE!"



BUFFALO SKINNERS



BEFORE CATTLE RANCHING BECAME A MAJOR INDUSTRY IN SOME AREAS, EARLY WESTERNERS MADE THEIR LIVING BY KILLING BUFFALO FOR THEIR SKINS. MOST HUNTERS USED THE "BIG .50" SHARPS RIFLE WHICH THREW A SLUG HALF AN INCH IN DIAMETER AND HEAVY ENOUGH TO DOWN THE TOUGHEST BULL. THE CREW USUALLY CONSISTED OF A HUNTER AND TWO "SKINNERS" WITH A MAN TO CARE FOR THE HORSE AND WAGON AND HELP OUT WHERE NEEDED.

EVEN AFTER MOST OF THE BUFFALO WERE GONE, THEY PROVIDED A LIVING FOR MANY MEN. THEIR BONES WERE DISCOVERED TO BE ONE OF THE BEST FERTILIZERS AVAILABLE WHEN GROUNDED UP AND PLOWED INTO THE SOIL. OFTEN, WHEN BEEF PRICES DROPPED SUDDENLY OR TRANSPORTATION TO MARKET WAS LACKING, COWBOYS AND RANCH OWNERS TIRED OVER THE BLACK SEASON BY GATHERING A LOAD OF BONES AND SELLING THEM.



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